

As For Myself - TO TRAINS



AMIDST THE PINE AND BOULDERS OF IDYLLWILD

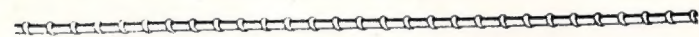
This is last summer's staff at Idyllwild. Front row, L to R: Carolyn Mitchill with the Board of Education of the Los Angeles schools, La Madelynnne Greene of San Francisco, Vivian Woll of San Diego, Vyts Beliajus (ditto). Next row(s): Dr. Max Krone — dean of music with the University of Southern Calif. and conceiver of the Idyllwild idea; Catherine Cary of Pasadena, Lucille Czarnowski of the University of Calif. in Berkeley, Mrs. (Beatrice) Krone, noted musicologist with USC; Ozzie Stout (rear) of Whittier, Elma McFarland of Pasadena; Rev. Larry Eisenberg who is a noted recreational leader for the Methodist church in the U. S. with headquarters in Nashville, Tenn. Standing, from top down: Nate and Lila Moore from La Canada (near L. A.), and Sam Hinton of La Jolla, an outstanding folk singer and curator of the famous Scripps Institution of Oceanography. Dr. Krone is holding the Swiss Alpine Horn. Note the dense pine grove amid which all buildings are nestled. It is an artistically charming place. (Foto Nurettin Erturk).

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Idyllwild Camp

Very few places, even in diverse California, can surpass the beauty of Idyllwild, nestled a mile high in the San Jacinto mountains amidst a thick growth of fir, pine, cedar, and steeped in Indian lore. And in the midst of it is nestled the renowned Idyllwild Arts Foundation, a dream of Dr. Max and Beatrice Krone materialized and being further expanded. This year the folk dance week, the second week in July, saw a capacity crowd and with an overflow of three hundred for the week-end.

Idyllwild Arts Foundation is the summer school of the University of Southern California (L. A.), where amid inspiring setting every phase of the arts is taught: sculpturing, modern dance, folk dance, painting, Shakespearean and other drama, folk song and folk arts, Indian lore and the playing of recorders. The scenery and the schedule's



COSTUMES IN STOCKTON

These are but some of the many diverse costumes seen at the Stockton Folk Dance Camp. Top row are various Yugoslav costumes (Croatian, Slavonian, Serbian, Dalmatian, Banat, Macedonian, Slovenian). Second row (l. to r.): Hungarian, Macedonian, two more Hungarian, Spanish, Ukrainian Czech, Romanian (?). Third row: Canary Islands (two), Portugal, Mallorcan-Catalan, Basque. Fourth row: Polish (Lowicz), two Lithuanian, Danish, Norwegian, Swedish, German. Bottom row: Yemenite-Israeli, Arab, Hindu, English Morris, Hindu. (Fotos by Ace Smith)



arrangement makes the period of study a combination of vacationing and studying amidst God's gentle and majestic beauty.

On Friday night of the folk dance week (July 15) a sun set service was conducted on Inspiration Point, a high point with a most vantageous view of rolling hills and distant vistas. Nothing in the world could have portrayed brotherhood, beauty and arts more than the ten minutes on that point. Ataloo, an Indian woman of many diverse talents, conducted the period which consisted of Indian chants, moments of silence, recitation from the bible and the dancing of the 23rd Psalm to the recitation by Rev. Larry Eisenberg, noted Methodist Recreational leader from Nashville, Tenn. Before parting, one in the audience broke forth with the Hebrew farewell song of Shalom Khaverim — Peace to you friends, until we see again. And the sun sank in the distant Pacific beyond a setting of bronze red which was turning rapidly to shades of various blue. Then the night and twinkling stars took over. Beauty around us and God in His glory above us.

Stockton Camp

Stockton is still undisputedly the largest camp. It has a tremendously large staff and with five to six classes of various types of dance going on the same time, with students feeling harassed not knowing whose classes to choose. The camp is held on the lovely campus of the College Of The Pacific. But it sure is a hot camp. Those coming from coastal areas, such as did yours truly from eternally cool San Diego, the heat sure "bushed" one. But most of them didn't let such a small matter as heat get them down and danced every minute of the hour of each day. The food this year was the best ever eaten in Stockton. Their registration was the largest in their 8th year history, and the choreographic type of dance was at a minimum.

Dick Crum, a talented youth from St. Paul, Minn., was this year's hit. He as a winning personality and is a capable youth. His presence in Stockton was invaluable. His kolos were regular and many quite simple. The hit of the entire camp was the quiet, oriental-like slow Vranjanka — šano Dušo. Which, again and again, proves my contention that for a dance to be a hit one does not have to do 20 paziros with 10 back flips in one minute. Dick's influence will be felt and salutary.

On a whole, Stockton camp was top-heavy this year with the circle-line dance variety. Dick Crum with his Yugoslav kolos, Mr. Joukowsky with Macedonian-Bulgarian, John Filcich with Jugo-Greek, Frances Ajourian with Armenian, Miriam Lidster with Israeli. But these circle dances are very often a blessing in certain situations — in such places where partners are not available.

All in all, all other camps in this country will have to go a long way to reach the position and reputation of Stockton's Folk Dance Camp. It is still the biggest.

The Mountain States & Spivak

From Stockton I left for Reno, Nev. Where "Near & Far and the Promenaders" invited me for a visit with them. The session preceded with a plentiful picnic and then I made them wear it off. But we had a grand time doing it.

I left during midnight for Salt Lake City, thus missing most desert travel. Tho the buses are air-conditioned and the travel is no burden. In my case the burden is the luggage. The attendance at my class in SLC was large. There too we had a wonderful time. My hosts, Mr. & Mrs. Wilford Marwedel, took me for a ride in the canyons and I experienced my first ski-chair lift — from 6,000 feet to 10,000. The first hundred yards were the "scariests", but after that everything was sheer fascination. The view is tremen-

dous: vast and scenic. Undeneath us the ground was carpeted with flowers of many hues. I enjoyed the experience very much. I'll probably never ski in my life, but at least I can say that I was up a ski-lift.

From there, via Cheyenne, Wyoming I came to Denver. I first had my annual check-up at JCRS in Spivak, where I was resurrected from among the death. This time I somewhat feared my check-up. I've not been "a good boy". I've lead a rather very strenuous schedule. My sleeping hours were down to an average of 5 hours per night for a long period, etc., etc., plus the worry of making ends meet. I was beating my chest with "mea maxima culpa's". But... God's mercy was bestowed on me once more, and the test all turned out fine. Doctor Seif, in amzeement, declared: "Here is a man who is trying to kill himself, yet can't be killed." I'm really not trying to kill myself.

The camp at Lookout Mountain, Paul Kermiet's Lighted Lantern, is my reunion place with my many friends of the Rocky Mountain area. This camp is another spot which is hard to beat for scenery. It has a million dollar view of the city of Denver. It is like riding a plane with feet on the ground. Speaking of planes, I wonder what some of us would do if this modern magic carpet was not invented. For instance! I still had classes in Denver, till noon, and had to be in Louisville, Ky., that evening! It took three planes to do it, but I covered over a thousand miles that afternoon. There I was met by Shirley Durham and Hanson Hun, for a ride into the Kentucky Hills where the American Squares were holding their camp. (Of all the airfield I've seen in this country, all of whom are vieing in beauty and modernism. The one is St. Louis is just plain filthy.) Before leaving Denver behind I wish to thank Betty and Roger Johnson for being perfect hosts and treating me like a brother. Many thanks.

AMERICAN SQUARES CAMP KENTUCKY,

The Last Frontier of American Lore

The American Squares Held their camp this year in the hills of the Kentucky's Cumberlands. It was a fortunate break all around. Their campsite of the past, at Stokes Forest, N. J. was under water in one of the worst floods of that area's history, which, besides property damage has also taken many lives, particularly in the Pocono section. While at Hazel Green, Ky., I was enjoying a great many impressions which will not be forgotten too soon.

The part of Kentucky, miles from nowhere, is truly steeped in lore and customs. The first telephone was installed in that area but six weeks prior to the camp's opening. The people are descendants of the original settlers who were mainly Scotch-Irish and Scottish with some German during later migrations. The English spoken is considered "Stuart". Snake Worship, tho not tolerated by the government, is still practiced. One was held that very Sunday not too far away. The country is scenic and very hilly, hardly any flat land at all. "In fact", the natives say that in order to be able to cultivate their fields, which are all on hillsides, they have to have a type of Kentucky Mule with two legs shorter toward the hill side, as any Jackass should know. It's the land of Mountain Dew (refused by very few), and Archie, a romantic moonshiner, is becoming quite a legend. The Grass is blue, especially after inhaling some of that Mountain Dew, then, even the elephants are truly pink, if one can see elephants. "Tiger Knobs" "infest" the hills. One still sees old time women with their peculiar bonnets smoking clay pipes, and hundreds of many other thrills of fact and fancy.

The experience of being in Hazel Green was, in itself, worth all the money, and atruly wonderful camp enjoyed by all, and Plenty was learned by all to boot. The food was plentiful, beyond belief. After being in other Eastern camps where the fare is "institutional — verging on starvation"